

If I say something, I mean it

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If I say something, I mean it

by [EmeraldTrident](#)

Summary

Le Chiffre shows off his boy on the poker table in front of his buddies.

Notes

***THIS STORY IS THE CONTINUATION OF MY LE CHIFFRE/WILL STORY ON MY COMMISSIONS AO3 TITLED “PRETTY THING” by Wicked_Commissions ***

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

“Will, come show Daddy’s friends how pretty you are.”

Will approached the poker table on shaky legs. Le Chiffre, his owner, his Daddy, had arranged for him to present himself during that weekend’s poker tournament but he didn’t know which day he would be beckoned. He’d been sat at the bar with nervous excitement and anticipation wondering when he would be called forth to be played with.

The conversation leading up to it had made Will’s heart begin pounding, slamming hard against his rib cage, knowing the time had come.

“My girl is at home, probably fucking the tennis coach again,” a portly man said with a laugh, accepting his new hand of cards from the dealer.

“Mine is at another casino with her friends, they’re all probably so drunk they can barely stand,” a different man, covered in tattoos said.

“Yeah, Le Chiffre, it looks like your slut is the only one watching our tournament, how do you keep him on such a tight leash?” Another said.

There were five men around the table not counting Le Chiffre.

“He knows better than to disobey me,” Le Chiffre said.

“What has he been whispering in your ear all weekend?”

“Yeah, man, every few hours he comes up to whisper something and then leave for a few minutes, what’s what about?”

“He needs to ask my permission for everything,” Le Chiffre said taking a puff of his inhaler. “Even to be excused to use the restroom.”

“That’s fucking hot,” the fourth man said. “Wish I had mine completely whipped like you have him.”

“It just takes some training,” Le Chiffre said. “Rewards and punishments. Some time and effort. Then they’ll follow you around like a puppy doing anything you tell them to.”

“What all does he do?” A fifth man chimed in.

“Everything,” Le Chiffre said, a smirk on his lips looking down at his cards.

“Show us.”

“Yeah, man.”

“Fuck yes.”

“Will, come show Daddy’s friends how pretty you are.”

Will approached the table. He was wearing a black button up and slacks, looking formal and elegant to match the venue but nobody except he and his Daddy knew just what he wore underneath.

“Don’t be shy, baby,” Le Chiffre said yanking Will closer by the lower back once he was within arms reach. “Show the boys what you have on under those clothes.”

A blush started on Will’s cheeks.

“Do I have to, Daddy?”

Le Chiffre shot him a stern look. “Do you want to be locked away in your little cage for a month,” his gaze dropped to Will’s groin. “Or do you want be a good boy and do what I tell you to?”

Humiliation burned in the belly as he began undressing in front of the room full of men. His shirt was unbuttoned and discarded revealing a soft sheer pink bra, his nipples visible through the fabric. He saw the men eyeing him and he tried closing his eyes and pretending he was somewhere else.

“Open your eyes and don’t you dare close them again.”

“Yes, Daddy. Sorry, Daddy.”

He removed his slacks and allowed them to pool at his ankles in one swift movement. Underneath he wore panties to match his bra, just as sheer and soft and transparent, his cock half hard underneath the lace filigree decorating the front.

The men muttered compliments and groans of approval, each one filthier than the last.

“Slut.”

“What a sissy whore.”

Will almost covered himself with his hands but was reminded of the last time he tried to hide himself and was spanked over Daddy’s lap and was made to clean up his own release from the floor.

“Good boy.” Le Chiffre praised looking him up and down. “Stay just like that while Daddy plays this hand.”

A game of poker continued while Will stood there like an ornament for the men to gawk at. Le Chiffre was not only showing off his boy but no doubt using him as a distraction to win. He did.

“Fuck, again?” The portly man said.

Le Chiffre smirked.

“This is getting ridiculous,” the tattooed man said.

“Now now, gentlemen, don’t get so upset.” Le Chiffre looked over at Will who met his stare, his bottom lip quivering. “My boy hasn’t shown you everything he can do, yet.”
“Sure sure.”

“We’re beginning to think you’re all talk.”

“Bullshit.”

“Turn around,” Le Chiffre said, getting up from the table to join him.

Will turned revealing the back of his panties were just as sheer before bending and showing off the diamond plug in his hole, the angle of his stretch making it press against the fabric.

Le Chiffre pat Will’s lower back, his eyes remaining on the plug before beginning to toy with it, moving it clockwise and counterclockwise in little twists over the panties. Will whined at the sensation and knowing he was being watched. He could feel all the men’s eyes on him.

“You like being filled don’t you, honey?” Le Chiffre spoke to him, his voice soft.

Will nodded from his folded over position. “Yes, Daddy. You know I do, Daddy.”

“This plug costs half a million dollars, boys,” Le Chiffre spoke to the men around the table. “It’s twelve carats. It’s my wedding ring to my little slut here. The day I presented this to him was the day I truly owned him. Isn’t that right?” He tapped on the diamond topped plug.

“Yes, Daddy. I love it so much, Daddy. Wear it every day. I love you, Daddy.” Will’s voice was soft and breathy.

Le Chiffre would never say he loved Will in public, that was saved for when they were alone together, but he accepted the sentiment, loving hearing it just the same. Love was a chain bonding Will to him, making him compliant and willing to do whatever he asked.

“Are you going to let Daddy play with you in front of his friends?”

Will nodded, his head nearly between his knees. “Of course, Daddy. What ever you want.”

He smacked Will’s ass causing the plump flesh to jiggle. “Get on the table, crawl.”

Will turned around the immediately got onto the table, crawling to the center of it and waiting for further instruction. “On your back.” Will turned and laid on the table, cards and piles of chips all around him. The men were all gawking at him, all of them straight but all of them intrigued. Two of them touched themselves under the table.

Le Chiffre moved his chips to the side to have easier access to his boy. He maneuvered Will’s legs up so his knees were at his chest. “That’s it,” he yanked Will’s panties to the side to better show off the diamond on the end of the plug. “Look at that shine,” Le Chiffre moved his hand on Will’s leg causing his body to move and the diamond to catch the light. “Only pretty things for my pretty boy, hmm?”

“Yes, Daddy.”

“You’re making my friends jealous,” Le Chiffre said. “They all wish they had a pretty slut like you.”

Will blushed.

“Tell them what I did to you before we came down from our room for the tournament.”

Will hesitated, too humiliated to do so at first. Le Chiffre nodded, gesturing him to do it, his hand finding Will’s plug again and started softly twisting it back and forth again.

Will turned to the men, their pupils all blown out with lust.

“Before was came down here, Daddy fucked my mouth, spanked me, fucked my pussy, and came inside of me.”

“Fuck.”

“Shit.”

“Let’s show them, hmm?” Le Chiffre said.

Will nodded and relaxed his body. Le Chiffre twisted and tugged the plug out and placed it on the top of the poker table as his own come began leaking out of Will’s slightly gaped hole and onto the green velvet beneath.

“Oops,” Le Chiffre smirked. “Look at what a mess you made.”

Will’s cheeks were bright red as if he’d been slapped, the embarrassment coursing through his body was enough to make him want to disappear but it made his cock throb softly in his panties just the same. One of the men who had been touching himself came at the sight of come leaking from Will’s hole and the other looked close, two more men had begun touching themselves.

It took some time for the come to fully leak out, in the meantime Le Chiffre made himself busy licking and sucking at Will’s puffy nipples beneath his translucent bra, wetting the fabric and groaning softly. Will loved when Daddy sucked his nipples. It made him feel feminine and even more beautiful.

Once Will was empty Le Chiffre leaned back.

“Clean it up,” Le Chiffre commanded. “Now.”

His panties were snapped back into place and Will got up on his knees and turned around and bent to kitten lick at little come puddle that had leaked from him. Taking turns to make eye contact with each man around the table as he did so.

Once the velvet was cleaned and the only wetness there was a small patch from his own saliva Le Chiffre directed him off the table.

Will pouted, assuming he was going to be allowed to come himself.

Le Chiffre shook his head, reading Will's thoughts. "Maybe next time."

Will wanted to argue but knew better, if he did his cock would be locked in it's cage and he wouldn't be allowed to come for a month. Daddy had done it to him before and it was torturous.

Will acquiesced and climbed off the table, adjusting his lingerie in the process.

"Under the table, get my cock out."

Will unzipped him and fished out Le Chiffre's cock.

"Hold it in your mouth for the rest of the tournament. No sucking. Just warming. You know what Daddy likes."

Will stuck out his tongue and opened his mouth holding the head of Le Chiffre's cock in his mouth. Le Chiffre pat his hair and scratched Will's scalp, his silent way of praising him. It didn't take long until his jaw began to ache but he didn't move, remaining on his knees serving his Daddy's needs. The men around the table still sat staring in awe of everything that had just happened. Two of them spent, the other three craving more of a show to which Le Chiffre promised, "Next time."

Le Chiffre handed Will his diamond topped plug, passing it under the table to him.

"Put it back in, maybe if you're good we'll upgrade you to a million dollar one next week."

End Notes

If anything sends me to hell it's writing this.

If you enjoyed please leave a comment so I don't feel so gross and alone in my kinkiness.

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